A true and perfect Copy of the

LORD ROOS

His Anſwer to the Marqueſſe of *Dorcheſter's*

LETTER

written the 25 of *February* 1659.

SIR,

Ure you were among your *Gallypots* and *Gliſterpipes*, when you gave your Choller ſo violent a Purge, to the fouling of ſo much innocent paper, and your own reputation (if you had any, which the wiſe very much doubt) you had better bin drunk & ſet in Stocks for it, when you ſent the Poſt with a whole pacquet of Chartells to me; in which you have diſcovered ſo much vapouring nonſence and rayling, that it is wholſomer for your credit, to have it thought the effect of drink, then your own naturall talent in perfect minde & memory: for if you underſtand any thing in your own Trade, you could not but know that the Hectick of your own brain is more deſperate then the Tertian fits of mine, which are eaſily cured with a little ſleep; but yours is paſt the remedy of a Morter and braying. But I wonder with what confidence you can accuſe me with the diſcovery of private paſſages between us, when you are ſo open your ſelf, that every man ſees through you; or how could I diſcloſe perfectly any thing in your Epiſtles to my Father and Mother, which was not before very well known to your Tutors and Schoolmaſters, whoſe inſtructions you uſed in compiling thoſe voluminous works. Let any man judge, whether I am ſo likely to divulge ſecrets as you, who cannot forbear Printing and publiſhing: Your Labours are now cry'd in the ſtreets of *London*, with Ballads on the *Rump*, and *Hewſons* Lamentations; and the Lord of *Dorcheſter's* name makes a greater noyſe in a cloſe Alley then Kitchingſtuffe, or work for a Tinker: and all this by your own induſtry, who are not aſhamed at the ſame inſtant to pretend to ſecrecy, with no leſſe abſurdity then you commit, when accuſing me for uſing foul Language, you doe out doe *Billingſgate* your ſelf. But now you begin to vapour, and to tell us you have fought before; ſo I have heard you have, with your Wife, and Poet, but if you came off with no more honour then when you were beaten by my Lord *Grandiſon*, you had better have kept that to your ſelf; if it were poſſible for you to conceale any thing: but I cannot but laugh at the untoward courſe you take to render your ſelf formidable, by bragging of your Fights, when you are terrible onely in your medicines: if you had told us how many you had killed that way, and how many you have cut in pieces, beſides *Calves* and *Dogs*, a right valiant man that has any wit, would tremble to come near you: and if by your threatning to ramme your Sword down my throat, you doe not mean your Pills, which are a more dangerous weapon, the worſt is paſt, and I am ſafe enough: for as for your Feats of Armes, there is no half quarter of a man that is ſo wretched, but would venture to give you battayl but you are moſt unſufferable in your unconſcionable ingroſſing of all Trades: Is it not enough that you are already as many things as any of your own receipts, that you are a Doctor of the Civill Law and a Bariſter at the Common, a Bencher of *Gray's-Inne*, a profeſſour of Phiſick and a Fellow of the Colledge; a Mathematician, Caldean, a Schoolman and a piece of a Grammarian, (as your laſt work can ſhew were it contrued) a Philoſopher, Poet, Tranſlator, Antiſocordiſt, Solliciter, Broker and Uſurer; beſides a Marqueſſe, Earl, Vicount and Baron; but you muſt, like Dr. *Suttle*, profeſſe quarrelling too, and publiſh your ſelf an Hector; of which calling there are ſo many already, that they can hardly live on by another. Sir, truly there is no conſcience in it, conſidering you have not onely, a more ſure and ſafe way of killing men already then they have, but a plentiful Eſtate beſides: So many Trades, & yet have ſo little conſcience to eat the bread out of their mouths; they have great reaſon to lay it to heart, & I hope ſome of them will demand reparation of you and make you give them compounding dinners too, as well as you have done to the reſt of your Fraternities; and now be your own Iudge, whether any one man can be bound in honour to Fight with ſuch an *Hydra* as you are; a Monſter of many heads, like the multitude, or the Devil that call'd himſelf *Legion*; ſuch an encounter would be no Duell but War, which I never heard that any one man ever made alone; and I muſt levy Forces ere I can meet you; for if every one of your capacities had but a Second, you would amount to a Brigade, as your Letter does to a Declaration; in which I cannot omit, that in one reſpect you have dealt very ingeniouſly, and that is, in publiſhing to the world, that all your Heroicall reſolutions are built upon your own opinion of my want of courage: this argues you well ſtudied in the dimenſions of quarrelling; among which, one of the chiefeſt ſhews how to take meaſure of another mans valour, by comparing it with your own, to make your approaches accordingly: but as the leaſt miſtake betrayes you to an infallible beating, ſo you had far'd, and perhaps had had the Honour which you ſeem, to deſire, of falling by my Sword, if I had not thought you a thing fitter for any mans contempt then anger.

Roos.

A true and perfect Copy of a Letter

Written by the LORD MARQUIS of *DORCHESTER*,

To the LORD *ROOS*.

Printed the 25. of *Febr.* 1659. but ſent to him on the 13. of the ſame Moneth.

SUre you were in one of your Drunken Fits, the Pot flew high when you writ your Sottiſh, and Clowniſh Paper to me, that relliſhes of nothing but a Tippl'd Fool, and a Bragging Coward; and the latter in ſo poor and mean a manner, that I am aſhamed it ſhould come from one that bears the Name, though not the Nature of a Gentleman: Your own fearful guilty Soul, knows that my late Letter, as well as a former to your ſelf (together with all Paſſages between us (were almoſt as ſoon communicated to your Father and Mother, as to your ſelf, and not long after to ſome of your neareſt Relations; Nay, many of the Servants of both your Families were privy thereunto, and knew as much as your ſelf, and ſo did divers others in ſeveral places: All this I can prove by perſons well reputed; and for the Letters, I dare ſwear, they were not kept very ſecret, for I have heard of divers paſſages in them, which I am ſure came to no body by *Revelation*, and yet you have the frontleſſe impudence to lay this aſperſion upon me; I have fought before now, and I hope never came off with the loſs of honour; and muſt I now be afraid of ſuch a Shadow, ſuch a Half-man as you are? and 'tis well if you be ſo much: You remember I challenged you twice in one Week, and you poorly and baſely refuſed both, pretending you would give me full ſatisfaction; you came indeed (but full ſore againſt your will, and contrary to the Huffs you gave out in the Countrey in your Drink) and promiſed as much as I could expect, but afterwards perform'd nothing: And now be your own Judge, whether it is poſſible for any one to believe, that I that knew you had poorly refuſed twice, ſhould avoyd the Meeting you now: If you needs muſt lie, follow my advice, and hereafter lie Colourably, for theſe are ſuch groſs ones, that they are palpable, like the *Ægyptian* Darkneſs. I muſt needs ſay, it much troubles, and afflicts me, to be compell'd by your barbarous and unmanly provocations, to uſe ſuch ſpeeches, contrary to my nature, and diſpoſition; but you began, and I do no more than retaliate, and the law of Retaliation is juſt and equal: But I believe, you'l bear all quietly, was it more; for you abound in Paſſive fortitude, though you have in you not one jot of the Active. If this any whit galls, you know the way to *London* (no other place for the preſent being poſſible to be choſen without moſt apparent and evident ſuſpition) There will be the moſt privacy, and who plays the Pultroon, will be moſt eaſily diſcover'd. But what do I talk of *London* to you, you will as ſoon come on your Head as on Horſeback or in Coach, to meet me with a Sword in your hand: But, was it a Bottle, none would be more forward; and with ſuch a weapon you may veuture upon a *Dutch-man*: But if there be a ſpark of Fire in ſo dull a Flint, I will ſtrike it. From the beginning to the end of your Letter you falſly lie, and if you dare appear, I will cram it down your Throat with my Sword; if there need any more, I ſay and reſay, *You are a baſe Coward.* If you muſt have another Puſh, I will divulge it to the World in Print what a Coward *You* are, and make publick all the paſſages between us; Your fooliſh bragging Letter ſhall not be omitted, which will ſpeak you more than I have done, and this ſhall follow after it; then 'twill to all appear what a Captain *Puff* you are, fit for nothing but a Cudgel. For ſhame leave the Petticoat off, and put on Breeches; uſe my Argument againſt my ſelf; if I was ſo mean to diſcover this; you may infalliblie conclude I will do ſo again; but you'l uſe none of this way of Argumentation, *you* too well know *my* innocence therein; if I may ſee a Miracle, that is, *you* with a Sword in *your* hand, I will before our *Seconds*, and *your ſelf*, beſeech God that what I wiſh'd in *my* Letter to *your Second*, may fall upon me, [viz.] *That if in the leaſt, directly or indirectly, I be guilty of this diſcovery, or any Circumſtance that can but tend thereunto*: Nay, I will go farther, *If I did not my utmoſt to avoyd all ſuſpition, may I fall by your Sword, to my eternal ſhame and ruine.* This, upon my Honor, I will declare upon our Meeting, in manner as I have ſaid, which I am ſure you dare not reſpectively do for your ſelf; Your guilty trembling Conſcience will hold you off when you are ſo neer danger.

Monday Febr. 13. 1659. *DORCHESTER.*

The Meſſenger was ſent Poſt with this Letter to the Lord ROOS, *on the day of the date thereof, but was forc'd to follow him from place to place, it being given out he was gone three or foure ſeveral wayes; at length he found him at the Lord* Mountague's *in* Northampton-ſhire; *and there after many Examinations, with much difficulty, he deliver'd this Letter to the Lord* Roos *his owne hands, on* Thurſday *morning the* 16. *of this inſtant* Febr.